

break he was aroused by two of the Rajah's men and escorted toward the throne room. Before reaching the entrance, however, his guard turned aside and led him down a flight of stone stairs that led into a dungeon.

As Loftis gazed about him in the profound darkness he became aware that he was moving upward. The dungeon was, in fact, a large edition of an elevator. It stopped and suddenly it was flooded with light.

He looked up, to find himself in the throne room. Before him, seated upon a dias, was the Rajah, wearing a benevolent smile. Around the ruler were gathered his chiefs and statesmen, all intently watching the prisoner.

Loftis discovered that he was in a huge transparent cage, built presumably of glass, but thick enough to have the resisting power of steel. The cage was circular and beyond it the faces of the spectators were perfectly visible.

The glass was as conductive of sound as all glass is. Loftis could hear the applause. He wondered what devilry the Rajah was contriving.

Swiftly he knew, for he heard a snarl behind him, and, turning, perceived the man-eating tiger within the cage. At the same time he heard a click, and an attendant scurried away.

The cage had evidently a door, fitting so closely that it escaped detection. Through this the monster had been driven, and now stood with bared fangs, confronting him.

It wheeled and began to encircle him. Loftis turned too. Beyond the tiger's face he could see the interested face of the Rajah, and those of the audience, evidently enjoying themselves.

His blood ran cold as he looked into the snarling, cavernous jaws, distended, the gleaming fangs, the claws outstretched from the velvet paws, ready to rend him.

Unarmed, he had no chance whatever. All he could do was to die as

game as possible. He tried to nerve himself to set an example to the ruler; he knew that on his behavior might depend the lives of hundreds of women and children, shut up in lonely hill stations within the Rajah's realm.

The tiger suddenly leaped. Loftis dodged, ducked and fled away until he came up against the glass partition. He heard the laughter of the audience; he heard the handclapping. It was rare sport for them.

The tiger leaped again, and again Loftis dodged it. It was curious, but when he regained his poise the monster seemed no nearer than before. It circled round and round, as if it would never weary of stalking him, the saliva dripping from its fangs, its huge tusks projecting like an elephant's.

Suddenly Loftis remembered that he had his pocket knife in his trousers. With that—well, there was practically no chance, but at least he could make a better showing. He drew it out and held it in his hand. It was a large-pocket knife, but a tiny weapon indeed. If he could strike forcibly enough to penetrate the monster's hide and cut the blood vessels of the throat! That was his only desperate hope.

He, in turn, began to stalk the monster, which seemed curiously evasive in the dim light at that end of the hall. Either some of the bulbs had been turned out or he was growing dizzy. He tried to steady himself. He was drawing nearer to the creature at every step, though they circled about each other continuously.

He looked into the striped face, the gleaming eyes, he read the murder impulse there, and suddenly its mate leaped up in his heart. His fears left him. With a ringing shout he sprang forward and dashed at the monster's throat.

It was gone. He fell with a thud against the glass of the wall. Stunned, he dropped unconscious; yet even in that instant he noted an ex-